so often cautioned him, and so forth-

"You're a genius," said he. "It's the very thing."

away, a heap of wreckage stirred uneasily and finally broke apart. From the wreckage came a thing, which wobbied

about the ground in its vain attempts to

rise. Firding this impossible, it began to crawl thdough the grove toward a light,

painfully, sometimes creeping, sometimes worming, but always grouning weakly.

The light seemed leagues away, and more-over, it hobbied about in a wonderful

was lost to sight completely and the thing would utter a sound between a gasp and

a moan, but it always crawled, until at last the light showed its kaleidoscopio

hues close at hand. Then the thing, after numerous attempts, found a f-eble voice

and sent out a frail shout, while the light swung around in huge circles and dripped green sparks in its trail. Someone came

running and bending down, said, "Good God!" in a voice that rang and jarred like

It was late next afternoon when the

thing opened its eyes, and even as it mouned in its pain the presses in the neighboring city were running out, in

Now to bring into the semblance of a

from blood-red to pale blue. So

heavy bells-then darkness.

ly. "It's a case of have to.

"Tisn't genius," said the other, short-

THE MINERVA BUST

ed name moves me strangely. Like a whiff of forgotten scent, or a tune of old days heard once again, it brings crowding to me a thousand memories which else had rested on in the sleep of years. many of them perhaps never to awaken more; but there be a number of them whose siumber is light, which start up at cially in the night hours, when dreams the present, gets busying with the things past which have sunk most deeply into it. Little wonder that the happenings of that summer and autumn should have made a haunted house of my brain, and that the name of Maitland should have power to set it so astir. Yet so it is, and I will take up pen and tell you why. and I will take up pen and tell you why. It had been a year of tribulation to us from the very start. The terrible winter floods, the loss of sheep and cattle, the unfortunate lambing time, the long weeks in early summer of drought and blasting heat, then the heavy rains, and again the rise of devustating waters; all these brought matters to such a pass that ruin itself-though never a word did he saywas staring my father in the face. A cruel fate it had been that my father,

up as the son of a yeoman of standing; bad been allowed, as an only child, to spend all he liked in reason, and to marry, when he was barely twenty-one, with the assurance that he was well able so to do and to rear his children—if the Lord willed to send him any—without fear for bit or sup so long as he helped to keep things together and to make the continue its proper duty. It had been, indeed, a time of pienty, and now and again of abundance; and, as sharers in it, my sister and I had had an upbringing which ill-prepared us for the hard and narrow living of later days. On the death of my grandfather everything was changed. I was but a slip of a lad but well do I remember it. It was in the thick of the hop season. The old man had been to Warstone market, as his weekly custom was, though my father now managed all business dealings. My grandfather liked the nois and bustle of the stockyard, and to meet there and at the market dinner at the "Green Dragon" old familiar friends who had bought and sold with him a generation or more. It was one of these men, as I have been told, who, standing at the hotel window, beckened to him, and pointing to the small crowd gathering nd Marston's Bank, gave him a look and a nudge as hint that he should be there. There had been a heavy bank failure some days before at Holchester, and it was not unnatural to think at the moment that Marston's was tottering too. My grandfather therefore hurried out, and forthwith drew all he had to his credit-a matter of some £2,006. It was but a scare, as he came to know later in the day, but it had stirred his timor-ous nature. Instead of redepositing the sum, which he ought surely to have done, he kept it in his possession; and he accepted an invitation to make one that night at a dinner at the same hotel in of the local member.

Mandering round the quaint and wind-ing streets to kill the time, he happened on a curiosity shop. He had a liking for old odds and ends of all serts; and, looking in at the window, his eyes suddenly fastened on a life-size bust of Mi-nerva. He knew not whose face it represented; but it was so startingly like the fair young wife he had lost years agone, and for whose memory he had a tenderness most patchtic, that he entered and straightway bought the image. It was a whimsical fancy in one respect; but he never saw the incongruity of a Greek belimet surmounting the ceful girlish face which in his younger days had been so much to him: he saw the blithest of the guests round the table that night; and at a late hour, bearing off his prize, he mounted his gig, a unsteadily it may have been, and

It was a dark and cloudy night; and though the way was long, it was familiar to man and horse alike, and all would have been well had not a party of drunken hop-pickers stopped the gig in the black middle of Copston Wood. Two of the men were up in the gig and rifling his pockets before the astonished traveler lift a finger. He struggled hard, as became a Haynes, whatever his age; but his days of strength were passed, and the tipsy ruscals were all too much for him. Then they jumped to the ground, and disappeared among the trees, my grandtather swearing after them, with never a half-penny in his pockets,

Slowly and miserably he drove home; and my father, anxiously waiting for him, was told the sad story. Its effect may be imagined. Two thousand pounds, and twenty more in gold, all gone at a stroke! It was terrible. Of course the police were informed of the robbery, my father galloping hard to Copston the moment he heard of it; but the constables round our part are more fit to catch frogs money-fifters; and from that day to this the authors of that midnight outrage re-

One effect of the untoward incident was to apparently upset my grandfather's On the following morning he was too unwell to go to Warstone, as he had intended; but quite early he called for his purchase of the day before, and when I went up later to take him an egg and milk-for he had had no food-I found he had removed the paper covering and placed the bust on the mantelplece. He was then sitting up in his dressing-gown and rubbing his hands and chuckling in a way most uncanny. After handing back the glass, he looked at the bust with the tenderest eyes, and asked my opinion of it. Being but an ignorant boy, I asked in turn if it was meant for Joan of Arc. He smiled and runbed his saying maybe it was, but that, Joan of Are or Joan of anywhere else, it was the very picture of my grandmotherrest her soul!-and that was why he had bought it. Then suddenly he put his his heart and gave me an affrighted look. He had a weakness there and I too felt some concern. However, he was soon himself again, and once more gazed fondly up at the Minerva.

"Look here, lad," he suddenly said, dropping his eyes and staring at me half flercely; "If anything should happen to me-I don't say it will, but the years are telling on me-if anything should happen, "nor anyone part wi' that image. It's the and the moment I set eyes on it I said, "Why, that's my Merjory," I said, and went straight in and bought it. But it wants her color, tad-such color she had! The blush-roses in the garden would drop evening-she had followed us there, as I their petals at the sight of her. Then those plaster eyes, they are not hers! Hers were as the woodland violets, George; an' lashes of them were as black as night, I doubt not, had as severe a reprimand as an' they had an upward curl. Ay, they I got, for the letter put my father in sewere the sweetest eyes a young blood ever lost all his heart to. But them features be hers, bar the mouth maybe; for her lips were tender nor them, an' as red as hips, they were."

the spirits, half fearing, from what I had seen, to find the old man in some dire extremity, if not in the grip of death itself.

CHAPTER II. He was lying as I had left him, gasping

after his own father's death, should have had such a hard struggle to keep both ends fairly meeting. He had been brought

what we had show us, and resising upstairs, we found the poor and the

fore little likely in shape woo the eyes of a gentle maid that I with lighter steps for having had our first exchanged words with my Lois. I had seen her several times since her

meliness, till, working in my conscience made the thumping inside of me almost not to return for many a day. painful whenever I passed it by; and my sick heart, which knew what the matter stopped dead with fright. A sudden and mine would be wait for, though they ad of it I knew I had killed a full-grown up, and made for me, stick in air. viper. Three yards away she stood, with caught the stroke with bent elbow, as in and terror in her face, and with one

oh! it is so painful. What shall I do? The right foot, just above the ankle. Yes-But what are you doing? You mustn't!"

out my pocket-kuife, was callously cut- turn a blow; and it was one right be ting open her beautiful silk stocking. It tween the eyes, which sent him down like was no time for ceremony.

without more to-do bent and drew what then to think much about it. His eyes I could of the poison in Nature's simplest way. Then I rearranged the damaged stocking as well as I was able and rose to grew to his face, which was not an illmy feet. Her face and neck were as red favored one, despite the yellow eyes, tude in the grey of her eyes and without a word, because she couldn't say one, she obeyed my request to take my arm and hasten home for the benefits of salad

That was how it began; and how I went so coully through it, and could speak so sternly to her, puzzles me to think, unless it was the masterful side of me-now s strong, they say-was having a bit practice. From that day on our lives' romance began to open out. She was but sixteen, a short-frocked, free red girl; but love came early to her, he, eart being very warm and already waiting for it. Of course, such a boy-and-girl affair could not remain long unnoticed; and it was Ruth. I grieve to say, who, after see ing us wandering through the wood one now know-went home and wrote the which would have choked me, but of ex-two unsigned letters which were the planation of the harm he was doing. He cause of our being so cruelly parted. Lots,

verest temper; but our heats had grafted

for good and all, and there was no undo-

ing what nature had so well begun. We

Ruth Maitiand! The sight of the printed name moves me strangely. Like a whilf of forgotten scent, or a tune of old days heard once again, it brings crowding to me a thousand memories which less had rested on in the sleep of years, pain took him again, and he fell back in his chair, with a screwed-up faces as white a more; but there be a number of them whose slumber is light, which start up at odd moments without any bidding, especially in the night hours, when dreams are afoot, and the mind, shut out from the present, gets busying with the things.

So it went on for two years or more, till He was lying as I had left him, gasping hard for breath, his features all distorted, and his eyes fixed with a stare as of death on the impassive face of Minerva. Edith put the brandy to his lips, and he by the wood. He had right of entrance by the wood. He had right of entrances took a hearty pull. Then he came slowly there, having known Lois' father, Major round, and blew off at last a big sigh of Varney, in the wars among the Afghan relief. Yet so battered and broken did he mountains. He had right of entrance; but seem, so unlike his usual hale and ruddy knock as he would at the door of Lois' self, that poor Edith's' eyes filled with heart, it was never opened to him. She self, that poor Edith's' eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to hide them.

"Nay, don't take on, lass; den't take on," said he in quavering voice; "It were but a sudden turn—a twist o' the heart like—an' I'm all right now, though you may as well leave the brandy. There, leave me leave me! I am all right now—all right now."

So we left him; and twice during the

seem, so unlike his usual haie and rusdy self, that poor Edithr's eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to hide them. He can all take on, lass; den't was amother of lass and daring in all ber doings. She sat down in the elbow chair, trying to get what soothing; to eval was amother on the park was amother on the principal take to help in the open take now all she pussed through at that bitter and unquiet time; for her mother, foolish ady, had joined the enemy for reasons which her social ambition though the last of the doings. She sat down in the elbow that no insumption of rubber, but down last the book and day, had joined the enemy for reasons which her social ambition though the one many last take to ver. The last on the last on the last on the whiten and fail away as though with the sate of the heat of the measures take to recover the stolen money, of the heat of the measures take to recover the stolen money, o

was a whimsical fancy in one at his six feet of sturdy manhood and hoped heartly that I might some day hoped heartly that I might some day gorw into as fine a figure. People tell me it has come to pass; but that is neither here nor there. Yet it was while hoped heartly that I might some turned hand in hand toward the cottage. The hope are nor there. Yet it was while only decorous—for every window was an eye—but our exchanging looks said more fore little likely in shape or manner to than many words ar

I had seen her several time to Holly Cot-mother's recent coming to Holly Cot-from among the trees just as I was turn-flage, on the margin of Copston Wood; ing by Hangman's Corner; and it was and my eyes had taken in her fresh young Ruth-I grieve again to say it-who sat down that night and wrote to Captain it made a ferment there the like of which | Thornton another unsigned letter. Oh, It made a ferment there the age of water. Thornton another unsigned letter. Oh, I had never known. It could only be love which had transformed her pretty has poisoned all her good and tender better self! Ruth had a heart as big as two; to my eyes; which took me so often up to but, alas! the devil had entered into it. Fir-tree Knoll to gaze ardently across it, and her good augel, unable to stand such with hopes belike of a sight of her; which shady company, had gone weeping out,

It was on the evening following, as I was coming back from the ten-n was now, because I had told it, could no after having a dismal look at the wet more stop its hammering whensoever I and blackening grass which lay waiting took it thereabouts than it could leap there for warmth of sun, that I met in the from out my breast. And on that very wagon track the persecutor of Lois. He day of June, as I was tramping the road had chosen the meeting, and owned it through the wood, after the Beckley Then he told me why, frothing the while coursing, I was trying to keep it quiet at the mouth, as though mad jealousy without avail, when, all at once it almost had given him the rables. No words of piercing scream had run through all the all ready for him, as full of scorn as his wood. Pulling myself together I ran as of anger. With a sudden lift of his walkwood. Finding my to the direction of the large and before I could raise a trouble, and came quickly upon it. First guarding hand, he struck me across the of all my stick broke the back of a snake, chock. In another second he was lying and by its markings and the flattened full length on the ground. He scrambled with a quick twist of the hand laid hold of lifting and falling, as though a giant of the cane, pulled it from his grasp, and it trodden upon it.

promptly threw it over the hedge into The snake-it bit me!" she cried. "And the turnip field. At that he seemedprosionate man-to lore his reason. For getful of all science, he made a wild rush at me, which, though I was his match in eight and weight, forced me to fall back had knelt down and having whipped a good half dozen paces before I could reas no time for ceremony.
"Leon against that tree," I said pretty there as still as one. Only while I was sharply, "and keep your balance. I'm go-ing to draw the poison." bending over him, with his own flask in my hands, did I realize what I had done-I looked at the little red spot standing knocked down and stupped the future out against the white of the skin, and lord of the manner; but there was no time pened, closed, and opened again. Ther with my help he sat up. Slowly a smile "Yours is a fist of power. Haynes." said

"I much regret to have had to use it captain," I answered; "but yours is a stinging cane. Have another pull at this, dr; then let me help you up. He emptied the flask, and, declining any

ssistance, got on to his feet. "Better say nothing about this Haynes," said he as I offered him his hat but some day you must come up to ou duce and have a turn with the gloves. hould like to show you that I, too, car sox." He did so when all the trouble

I feit a softening to him, and, reasoning that he had just as much right to love Lois as I, though he had no right to go ernelly about it, seeing that she buts him as a coney does a weasel, I put him n a quiet word or two-not of cleading yas embittering a sweet young life, m ng misery where only happiness should e, filling days with darkness whose ligh all the hart he could to one who was one too strong, and who was fast be were in love with one another; and, as ing a shadow of her former self, if he

had only eyes to see. Thus did I talk to him. He listened, surprised, but with a darkening frown. His hative hauteur had risen, and that mive dawn with a curt "Good evening. Haynas," and no more. However, I had done good service. Next day he left the Hali I for the Continent and only once again, on his return three months later, did he trouble Lois with his advances. That wais after my father's sudden death, and when I was struggling alone, with heart well-nigh fainting, to keep home and farm together.

What I went through those aching weeks it matters not; but I never see as Michaelmas daisy now without thinking of the crisis which came upon us at the new of the crisis which came upon us at the new of the crisis which came upon us at the new of the retrist which came upon us at the new of the retrist which came upon us at the new of the crisis which came upon us at the new of the trends of the crisis which came upon us at the new of the trends on the household furniture. Everything under the roof had gone into the invent to the properties of the crisis which came upon the household furniture. Everything under the roof had gone into the invent to the properties of the crisis which came upon the household furniture. Everything under the roof had gone into the invent may be the closing hours of the day in that room with the string the properties of the crisis which was why I was sitting there on the eventful night of Ruth's surprising visit.

My stater, feeling poorly—as well she might, poor creature' with such worry and anxiety upon her—had retired to rest. I was alone in the elbow chair, trying to get what soothing I could from the pipe I was smoking, when in came Ruth, without any warning and with an impetuous at the surprise of the great of the proposed to me, and daring in all her doings. She sat soothing I could from the pipe I was smoking, when in came Ruth, without any warning and with an impetuous any wa

her mone. "It cannot be, Ruth; it cannot be. Have no fear for me. If I go out into the world it will be to fight a winning game; and "John Stafford, in Chamber's Journal."

all about it.

What I then told her, though part of it

all about it.

What I then told her, though part of it was theory, came to this: My grandfather, having noticed that Minerva was hollow of head, had bethought him, before leaving Warstone, of putting the notes inside of her for greater safety; but as he had probably dined and toasted only too well, on reaching home he had forgotten all about it, and imagined that the hop-pickers had relieved him of notes and gold and all. However on the morning following some memory had stirred in his unhinged brain, and he had called out for that wonderful bust. In it he happily found the notes; but the scare of the day before was still upon him, and he decided in his whimsical way that for a time at least they could not be in a safer place than in the head of the image. It was fair reasoning in a way, because in the hop-season burglaries in our parts are frequent occurrences; and we had nothing stronger in the house than an ordinary cash box. So he returned the notes to their hiding-place, ramming well home the handfull of hay with which he had choked

you can!"
Saying this, she swept from the room, and the loud bang of a door a moment later told me that she was gone from the and the fond bang of a door a moment later told me that she was gone from the house.

With real pain did I look down on the white debris of Minerva. After all, she had only come by the fate which my grandfather had wished for her. I remember his crazy words, grimly smilling; then I stooped to gather a few of the piecesone beautiful ear-half of the lovely mouth-a chip of rounded chin. Suddenly my eyes widened, and I picked up something which was in no wise part of the Minerva. I held it to the light, and my lingers, as I pressed it between them, caused a crackling sound. How my heart leapt! It was a roll of banknotes! With hands all of a tremble I slipped off the elastic hand and began an ecstatic counting. Twenty notes, each for one hundred pounds! I shouted aloud, and shouted again. Old Hannah came running in, with Betsy the dairymaid at her heels; and once more I shouted, frantically waving the notes. Indeed for the moment I was crazy with joy; and so almost became poor frightened Edith, when I told her through the door the news of my find. She threw off her illness, got into some elothes, and came beaming down to learn all about it.

What I then told her, though part of it

guest occurrences; and we had nothing stronger in the house than an ordinary cash box. So he returned the notes to their hiding-place, ramming well home the handfull of hay with which he had choked the siender throat—a fact, which strange to say, we had never once noticed—and there the money had ever since lain. That my father would have been told the secret I doubt not; but, alas! he had arrived in the bedroom too late that day for the passing of a single word. Thus I reasoned, and, I think, with a show of truth. So the night of our dolour ended, and the day-dawn of happier things broke full upon us. And when Leis returns with the youngsters from the schoolroom concert I will ask her if the best part of this writing he not a true history of what befell us before the good bells rang out, and we who had been two were made by the power of the church into one. Then I will show her the thing which set it all going again—namely, the newspaper announcement, a copy of which here follows:

THORNTON—MAITLAND—On September 2, at

THORNTON-MAITLAND-On September 2, at St. Nemo's Church, W., by the Hen. Rev. Septimus Surman, D. D., Hector Priam Thorton, Royal Hopshire Regiment, to Roth Maitland, only daughter of Goy Bartholomew Maitland, M. D., of Copston, Hopshire.

Moriarty and His Pipe

"The question is," said the stout gen-tleman, emphasizing the last word and pausing effectively, "who's to be the scapegoat of this affair?" see? Threatened to discharge him if we heard of it again. Particularly trusty man otherwise and long in our employ, so we hated to part with him. Must have tried

"There must be one, you think?" said the thin man with the grey beard, as his anxious eyes searched the other man's

face.
"Of course," the stout man answere with an air of finality. "You don't want the papers to get hold of the truth, do you? You don't want it to leak out that ferior chemicals—to say nothing of dan-gerous processes, long ago condemned as murderous, which we've employed to cut

On the evening preceding the above con-versation, the Commonwealth Explosive Works, in the dingy little village called corners and boom the dividends. You the Plains, had verified its name by sail-don't want that going the rounds, do ing skyward in the widst of a vivid pyro-

out"
"No-indeed not," the thin man said, agerly.

technical display, accompanied by a roar like several concentrated Fourth of Julya, which had shaken the earth for miles eagerty.

"Ergo, the scapegoat," said the other.
"I don't see where you'll find one," the thin man observed wearily.

"Well," the stout man began, and his roice was full of vigor and determination, "when you run a business of this sort and in this manner, when you do almost anything to tickle the stockholders, when you cut down expenses to the point of bolding human beings over eternity on tance beyond. The thing made progress No. 39 cotton thread, you've got to prepared for almost anything, and when that 'anything' comes-as it will sooner or later-you've got to take a day off and smooth things over with the public. The public is inquisitive, and it has a way of finding out more things than you want it to. Now, what we've got to do is square the public. We've made money this past year; we've saved so much through cheap stock and risky processes that it's a small matter if the old shack on the 'Plains' has gone up with a bang. Let it go. It's a loss, to be sure, but it's nothing to what the loss will be if the nothing to what the loss becomes true inwardness of that bang becomes common gossip. If it should get out just why the works blew up, you'd never put another ounce of product on the market, and your stock wouldn't be worth the paper it's engraved on. In fact, you'd be lucky to get off without a long term for manslaughter.

their first editions, the account of Mori-arity's affection for his pipe. Well?" said the other, as he shifted easily in his chair. man a thing which has sogred through the air in company with loose boards, stray girders, and miscellaneous debris, takes some little time and a vast amount

"Fix the blame on someone. That will satisfy 'em. Don't bother about dollars and cen's just at present." "And the-the-er-scapegout?" suggested the thin man.

"As I said, when you run things in this way, you have to be prepared for any-thing. There's two things to be thankful then worked wonders. Out of the battered mass of broken beautiful associations."

for. First, it 's God's own mercy it didn't mass of broken bones and lacerated fiesh happen in the daytime. Thirty killed and came slowly but surely the likeness of a happen in the daytine. It is forty wounded—something like that in human being—a very sorry human being scare type. That would have been serf—it was, scarred and disfigured, and pristscare type. That would have been seen and observed, and ob where. There's your man."

"Morfarty-Morfarty," said the thin man, as if endeavoring to place the name. sit up every day in a chair. About this

"Moriarty—night watchman, same one that grafted us for twenty more per month, when somehow—Lord knows how—he got on to the fact that we were taking long chances."

"Oh, yes," said the thin man, his face "Oh, yes," said the entry watchman, his face the fact that we were taking long chances."

"Oh weeks-old papers, he read therein the account of the thoughtless Moriarty, it pleased him immensely. He chuckled and grinned and read the account several times. Then he folded the paper and put it under the billow of his cot. Moriarty's

"Well, I should say he was cumbering it under the pillow of his cot. Moriarty's the earth at several points, unless they've collected him," the other said grimly. "Low down, I suppose, to take advantage of a man when he's dead. Still, it's bound of a man when he's dead. Still, it's bound before his condition would permit him to lighting. "Where is he?"
"Weil, I should say he was cumbering to be somebody, and we may as well use him, who first used us." go out.

"Are you sure he's dead?" the thin man One visiting day he dictated a note and

sent it out by the nurse. In the afternoon "You've never seen an explosion like that, I imagine," the stout man said dryly, "Anyway, how will you fix the blame on three men were shown to the bandaged man's ward, where he sat propped upin im?" the other enquired. Easy enough. Reporters will be 'round

today to interview us. Well, there's only one way we can imagine it happened. On The b

"Denny!" cried the foremost of the three, as he caught site of the shrunken

The bandaged man favored them with a one way we can imagine it mapped as the grin, which the crosses of athesive plasseveral occasions we've been out to the grin, which the crosses of athesive plasseveral occasions we've been out to the grin, which the crosses of athesive plasseveral occasions we've been out to the grin, which the crosses of athesive plasseveral occasions are the same plants. front teeth rendered particularly "Sit down, sit down," he said, jovially. ok at the product of bad of will you?"

The trio sat down and chatted away until a white-capped nurse gently hinted it was time for them to leave. Then the

"Dan," said he, "did you ever see me

"I don't think I ever did, Denny," the an addressed replied. The patient turned to the next in order.

"Tom," he said solemnly, "did you ever see me smoke?" "Sure not," said Tom.

"Did you, Jim?" the patient went on, ddressing the third, who shook his head. "Well, then," said he, "remember that will you? It's money in your pocket to keep that in mind." And who reached the street they agreed there was something wrong with Denny's mind. It was a bright September day when the

patient left the hospital. He entered a carriage and drove to one of the office buildings downtown. He hobbled into a spacious office on the seventh floor, his crutches making a vigorous thumping on "I don't see why I keep on getting so much fatter. I cat only two meaks a day."

"I know, my leve. But you abouidn't insist upon crowding your breakfast and huncheon into one meal, and your dinner and a late supper into the other."

the tiling as he swung past a steat man at a desk in the outer room and entered a smaller one, where a thin little man with a grey beard bent over a pile of letters. The man from the hospital still wore bandages swathed about his n and there was yet enough adhesive plaster on his face to make his grin rather pronounced.

"Good morning," said he, pleasantly, sinking into a chair. "Don't let me in-terrupt. My business can walt." "Well:" said the other, sharply.

"Are you ready," the intruder asked. Then he grinned and the thin man experineed a shock. That grin would have startled a mammy.
"I think I'll amoke," said the man with

the crutches.
"Weil, why don't you," the thin man queried, after waiting for some mo-ments for the other to produce his weed. "No hurry," was the calm response

T've got to learn first. Want me to learn, don't you?" "Want what-I want what?" said the thin man. "You want me to learn to smoke, don't

you?" the other went on. "'Course you want me to," he added, insinuatingly. "Now see here," began the thin man, out the other interrupted him "I don't mind learning to smoke, but it's

xpensive. Costs a lot of money to smoke wouldn't undertake it less'n ten thou-

"What are you driving at?" growled the

moke or not?" "Oh, if you don't care," the run beside im said easily, "we'll make it fifteen

thousand. I'll smoke for that I've moked all my days, if I get that "Great heavens! I don't want you to What in thunder-"Fifteen thousand and I smoke."

The thin man had lost his temper. "Fifteen thousand," he roared, "what he devil's your game? What'd I give

on fifteen thousand for? Why should the you the price of a two-fer even? "Recause," said the man with the rutches, as he grinned again and laid a and confidentially on the thin man's coat deeve, "because," he purred, "my name's Moriarty."-Arthur E, F. Smith in the

CURRENT HUMOR

A Strange Spectacle.

(From the Philadelphia Times.) Cuba hardly displays the right outfit for a epublic on the Union plan, it shows the strange pectacle of the office of President seeking the

In His Mind. (From the Brooklyn Life.)

"I think I shall go to Europe."
"How the deuce can you afford to go to Eu-"I can't; but I can afford to think."

A Big Difference. (From the Philadelphia Press.)

Joskley—He used to be a newspaper man, but rich uncle left him a small fortune. Conkley—But I understand that wasn't to make my difference. Joskley—Oh, yes; he's a journalist now.

Did Not Work.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.) Uncle-I invited Jimmie to sleep with me last the and let me alone. Uncle's Friend-How did it work? Uncle oft, the mosquitoes let me hey made Jimmie kick me all night.

Too Expensive.

(From Judge.) He-I will be entirely frank with you, my doar. This afternoon I what the rare track and tonight play poker at the clab.

She-And I will be frank with you. This afternoon I go to a church fair and tonight I have bridge whist purty. He—But don't you know that I can't afford it?

After the Money.

(From the New York Times.) Mark Twain recently sent the following letter of Andrew Chringle:

"Mr Dear Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; t costs 6 shillings. If you send this byun book will bless you, God will bless you, and it will will bless you, God will bless you, and it will to a great deal of good. Yours truly, "MARK TWAIN." "P 8 Don't send me the hymn book; send

A Follower.

(From the Scottish American.)

A lad whom Mr. Halfour had employed several times to carry his clubs was one day carrying clubs for another gentleman, when Mr. Balfour apprend to mas. He recognized the how and added affably to him, which gave huge delight to the youngster. The lad was overheard remarking to his companion caddle as Mr. Balfour

Honesty. (From the New York Weekly.) Jim-Honesty is the best policy, arter all. mber that dog I stole?"

"Yep."
"Well, I tried two hall days to sell 'im,
o one offered more'n a dollar. So I went,
homest man, an' guy him to th' ole lady
wned 'im, an' she guy me five dollars." Athleties.

(From the Detroit Free Prost.) en my son went to college," said the
"I told him that I would not permit
o join the gynnasium and waste his
ith athletics when I had sent him there
""

study."
Did he obey you?" enquired the friend.
"I told him that if he didn't. I would simply or use the old-time provigative of a father r his child and thrash him." ame back after his freshman course he had some any gut a breadth of shoulder and a development

Didn't Want It. (From the Bultimore American.)

"Palson Potter say las' night dat hit gwine be 826 degrees hot in beffen, 'said Elder Snowhall.

"Yessih," replied Brother Darkleigh, "an' dat cong'gathon des tuk one look at de th'momenter an' den backelide fer all dey wuff." Getting Careful.

(From Judge.)

Flanagan—I dish't see you at the baseball game yesterday afternoon, Madden. Madden. Madden-No. Th' company has shut down on th' men goin' to ball games any more. Flanagas—What's all dat for? Madden-Shure, they don't want 'em to hear the unspire callin' out on strikes, I guesa. Like a Woman. (From the Chicago News.)

"You lived on a Texas ranch for a nu years, I believe," said the man.
"Yes," replied the woman.
"Like it?" "Nog it was too lonesame; no neighbors to talk to." answered the woman,
"You must there were no neighbors to talk about," said the man.

A Good Friend. (From the New York Times.)

Sowboy-I hear you ran down an old gentle-ian with your automobile. Sourcher Yes, broke one of his legs, dislo-ated his shoulder, and bruised him up pretty Slowboy-Thats' too bad. And now you expect friend of mine

A Logician.

(From an Exchange.)

Besale (who has invited a friend to the house, and for whose entertainment she would like access to the jam.)—Mana, havn't you enough confidence in me to let me have the key to the jam closet?

Mama-I don't know, Bessie-Bessie-But mama, only restern Bessie-But mama, only resterday you said you had entire confidence in cook because she was with you a year, and I've been with you six

A Misunderstanding.

"No," said the impecunious one, "you can't believ all that you see in the newspapers."
"Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked. "I am. I saw a statement in the financial col-umas that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true." "You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say that people were casy."

Poor Pay.

(From the London Answers.)

An Irishman had just filled an ash bucket with clinkers in the stokchold of a steamer and a man on deck was heaving it up, when the chain snapped and down went the bucket.

By way of warning the man on top shouted out: "Under below!" But poor Patrick was mable to dodge the bucket, which struck him on the head.

"Under below" be blistered!" he roared. "Sure, an' ain't it under below Oi've hin for the last tin minutes? An' this is phwat Oi git for me trouble." (From the London Answers.)

A Great Success. (From the Denver Times.)
"At last Slabbber has reached the pinnacle fame, and sees his star of deatiny steadily."

"I do. They expurgated the Boston Library the other day and condemned every book he ever wrote on the ground that the trial was not fit for public reading."

"And now his publisher has put on the unsp-

One Requisite. (From Tit-Bits.)

"So you are going to learn to play the cornet?
Do you think your wind is good enough?"
"Oh, I can blow the instrument all right?"
"Yes; but I mean, do you think you could outrun any pursuer?"

(From the Chicago Tribune.) "Paw, here's something in the paper about a 'junket." What is a junket!" "A junket, my boy, is an excursion at public expense to which you are not invited."

The Progress of Art. (From the Philadelphia Press.) Joakley—That's a clever bit.

Coakley—Yes; that's by Jetaam. He's a very promising marine painter, and, do you know, he started life as a humble lumberman.

Joakley—Ail: once a hewer of wood and now a drawer of water.

Two Meals.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

A Sportsman. (From Life.)
Willie-How would you define a true sports-

Pane. He is a man who believes in giving every kind of game creature a chance for its life, and then is disgusted if the poor creature excepts with it." (From the Atlanta Constitution.)

We find this hit of philosphy in a rural ex-"How come Br'er Williams Fer ter fall, Br'er Williams thought He knowed it all!"

Like Truth. (From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Somebow," she said, "I never can see you without thinking of truth."

"Is that so" he asked, being a fellow who was always doing something original.

"Ves. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, you know." "But what has that got to do with me?"
"Well, you've been thrown down by nearly
very girl in this town, but I see that you
ontinue to come up smiling."

(From the Buffalo Courier.)

(From the Buffalo Courner,)

Waldo Emerson Backbay—I was over to Georgie
Shortsight's for lunch, meaning, and when his
mamma asked him if he'd have beams he said:
"Yes, mamma, the Mexican kind, with lots of
red pepper on them."

Mrs. Backbay—How strange!
Waldo Emerson Backbay—He's just got hack
from the Pan-American Exposition, mamma, and
I frat he experience there has made him exceedingly decadent.

(From the Chicago Post.)

"He's a good physician is some ways," she remarked, "but he is carciess, and that naturally hurta him."
"Doesn't get his prescriptions mixed, does he?"
"That's just what he did in the case of Mrs. Lookins."

Jenskins."
"Nothing serious, I hope,"
"Yes, it was. Not tatal, of course, but serious. He failed to acquaint himself with circumstances and prescribed a month's rethe country when she could easily afford a to Europe. I don't think she'll ever have again."